

ally Sloper's Half Holiday

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. VIII.—No. 350.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]



W. F. Thomas.

SLOPER'S PIPES FROZEN.

"The recent frosts have been playing old gooseberry at Mildew Court, and for days past all the pipes have been frozen. For some reasons I don't think Poor Papa objects; it's an easy way out of his matutinal tub, you see. The thing that Pa really does object to, though, is getting up in the early morning to draw water from the plug in the street. He says it's a bit hard on a man at his time of life and of his social standing; besides, it is calculated to lower him in the eyes of his neighbours; another thing, it's so beastly chilly. Alexandry ought to be ashamed of himself."—TOOTSIE.

FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS.



1. Adolphus' skating was the envy of everyone. Those lovely curves, those graceful figure eights. Why, all the ladies in the neighbourhood would flock down by the waterside to watch his graceful evolutions.



2. But one night a thaw set in, and the ice weakened, but this did not deter Adolphus the next morning from participating in, or the ladies from watching, his favourite pastime. Result: Adolphus obtains a cold bath.



3. And when he was dragged out of the water, looking more like a scarecrow than a human being, did the ladies still admire him? Oh, no! They turned up their pretty noses and walked away. Such is life.

"BROKEN ON THE WHEEL."

JUST before the outbreak of the first French Revolution, between 1770 and 1780, more miserable culprits, male and female in France, suffered the horrible tortures of breaking alive upon the wheel than were hanged, and the crimes for which this barbarous punishment was inflicted were frequently petty thefts. The wheel always, however, excited the greatest disgust, and in 1789, its abolition was insisted on, and the last sentence passed in 1788. Charles Sanson, the first of seven generations of public executioners, when he, about 1670, was first ordered by his master to aim a blow at a victim on the wheel, fell in a fit, and was hooted by the mob.

In 1788, at Versailles, lived an old smith of the name of Maturin Louschart, who had a son called Jean—a handsome young man—he dearly loved. Jean was, rather against his will, brought up to his father's business; for he was of a studious turn, and read eagerly the new doctrines of Voltaire, Rousseau and Diderot, whilst Maturin was the staunchest conservative. One day, for the first and last time, unhappily, they got into a political argument, which ended in the father flying into a great passion, and turning the son out of doors. This foolish quarrel could have easily been made up again, however, had it not been for a Madame Verdier, a widow and a relation of Maturin's, who, with her pretty daughter, had lately come to live at the smith's. Jean had fallen in love with the girl, but the mother had taken a great dislike

to him, and she poisoned Maturin's mind against him. Jean, therefore, got work elsewhere, and Helen, the girl, agreed to slope with him. This plan, however, was discovered, and Jean, on the appointed night, having waited in vain, went to the house, from which, as he neared it, were issuing loud shrieks. He forced open the door, and beheld Madame Verdier furiously beating her daughter, whilst Maturin was looking on. Jean rushed to his sweetheart's assistance, but his father stopped him, swore at him, and spat in his face. Madame Verdier, goading the old man to madness, he seized a crowbar, and aimed three deadly blows at his son, but the passage in which this took place was narrow, and the bar struck the wall. Jean tried to fly, but Madame Verdier had bolted the door. Maturin then tried to dash out his brains with a hammer. A terrible struggle ensued, and Jean, getting possession of the weapon, threw it back into the house, as, having shot back the bolts of the door, he rushed out into the road. So rapid was his flight, that he did not hear the cry his father gave, or know, until he was arrested, that the hammer had struck the old man dead. He was at once taken into custody, and put on his trial. Helen's evidence served him nothing. Madame Verdier swore away his life, and he was condemned to be broken on the wheel.

The truth as to the accident gradually, however, became known, and Jean, being a great favourite among the workmen of Versailles, they determined, at all risks, to attempt his rescue. The prisoner had not been condemned to make the *amende honorable*, which included the amputation of the hand; and the judges had added a *retentum* to their sentence, by which Jean was to be secretly strangled before his limbs were crushed, but this was not known.

The executioner and prison authorities being warned of the hostile attitude of the workmen, determined to advance the hour of execution. The doomed man, when called at two in the morning, rose calmly, and listened with attention while the executioner read the sentence. "Poor father!" he murmured; and then, in a louder voice, added, "In two hours I shall justify myself before him." He was then told that it was time to start. "You can be in no greater hurry than I am," he said. They had thought to get through the execution before the town awoke, but as the cart came forth from the prison, deafening shouts arose, and mobs poured into the streets. Seeing Helen at a window, Jean cried "Farewell!" "It is *au revoir*," you should say, Jean!" roared a smith of herculean proportions close to the cart. "What do the people want to do?" asked Jean. "To save you," said the priest at his side. "No, no!" said Jean. "My hands are stained with blood. I wish to die. Be quick!" "If there be a man here in danger of death," said the executioner, "it is not you."

He was right. The next moment the brawny smith was on the scaffold with his mates, and Jean's bonds were cut. Jean struggled violently and begged for death, but his friends bore him away in triumph. The executioner meanwhile was shaking in his shoes. "Fear not, Charlot," cried the leader; "we won't harm you, but your tools. Henceforth you must kill your customers in a kinder way." Down, then, came the scaffold, and, broken to bits, it was flung upon the pyre prepared to burn the victim's body, and men and women joined hands, laughed, sang and danced round the flames, on the top of which blazed the accursed wheel, and the sky above was red as blood—red as the blood that presently streamed from tyrants' throats when the great day of vengeance came.

"Golly!" said the Babelet.

(Next week, "Cheating at Cards.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

H. FIELD.—No, thanks; we cannot insert it in the "H.H." Our readers would not derive much pleasure from such a horrid picture.—A. BRYAN.—Modesty forbids. What would M'Dougall say?—DOROTHY.—No! We most certainly cannot supply you with one of our staff for a husband.—ADA.—The question is rather out of our line, but as you ask us, we should most certainly consider it very improper to go for a wail with an old sweetheart while your present one is out of town. It might lead to unpleasant results. Take our advice, and don't do it again.—BROKEN HEARTED BELLE.—Cheer up! there is another Christmas awaiting you at the end of 1891, and there are no signs at present of the supply of mistletoe giving out.—N.B.B.—You say "Afloat" is a sketch in water colours. The water is all right, but we should have preferred the colours left out.

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* * The List will close TUESDAY, JANUARY 13TH, 1891.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"I SAY, Chorley," said 'Arry, "wot's this 'ere McKinley Bill 'as they're makin' sich a fuss about over in America?" "I'm blowed if I know. I know Buffalo Bill and Billy Gladstone, but I ain't never 'eard of this chap."

"It is easy for a man to preserve his dignity if he only sets about it the right way." That was what dear Smith said. Yet, somehow I don't think that he quite worked it that night when he came home, took his boots and hat off in the passage, and sticking them on the kamptulican, covered them over with the doormat, under the impression that he was on the cooking job and was putting a light crust on a beefsteak pie.

"LOOK here, Mr. Bung," observed a customer, "the doctor says my wife is to have a pint of good stout a day; how much do you charge for Barclay and Perkins?" "Fourpence a pint, sir," replied the publican. "Mind you, I shall want it pure, as it comes from the brewery," said the customer. "Ah, that will be fivepence a pint, then," returned Bung. "And I shall expect it to stand any test or analysis as to purity." "Ah, I couldn't do that under sixpence a pint. Well, sir, one must live, you know."



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 350.—The "Twelfth Night" Costume.



Cook (to mistress). I ain't a-goin' to 'ave no Paul Pryin' round here. I'm mistress o' the kitchen, so just clear out!



The gentleman who heard all and said nothing.



"What's the bloke up to, Chorley?" "Dunno, widout he's the pantomime clown rehearsing for ter night's performance."



Strange conduct on the part of Stronghead, who has been imbibing too freely of the Eminent's favourite beverage.



The F.O.M. What am I, ducky! Can't you see? Why, Beau Austin! Lord! (staring hard at the Old Man's boko). Oh—er—I thought you were the Red Lamp.

SCENE.—Second class compartment of railway carriage bound to Sloper's Island. TIME.—New Year's Day. Enter an Islander, full of pride and Scotch whisky, with a bow under his arm.

Chorus. Hallo, old man! Islander. Hallo, boys! how are you all? Excuse my squeezing, but I've a case of champagne here, which my gov'nor has just given me; and though, of course, I didn't want it, I was obliged to carry it home, so as not to offend the old man.

Inquiring Neighbour (examining box). Well, I'm blowed! It's the first time I've heard of champagne being packed in a kippered herring box.

[Such was the lamentable fact, and we will draw a veil over the rest of this "o'er true tale."

LITTLE maiden, little maid,
Darling, never be afraid;
Come, my darling, fly with me
To Chel sea or to Batter-sea.
Or when upon the Greenwich knoll
The simple 'Arry takes a roll,
Then, oh, maiden, fly with me—
Nine penn'orth have of shrimps and tea!

A NOTORIOUS vendor of sausages has adorned his emporium in the City of London with a large pictorial representation of the Derby, which he is winning, mounted on a fine pig. "Very unsuitable advertisement," remarked a customer. "Indeed! why so?" inquired the proprietor. "Why? Because you could never hope to win the Derby with your sausages. They're only half-bread. Another sausage and mashed, please."

WHEN he saw the white cliffs of Albion for the first time he was struck with emotion. "I guess," said his friend Ephraim Sproggs, "that the first sight of the dear old country warms even the Yankee's heart." But it was not that; it was quite a business instinct. He had been in the milk trade, and when he saw that long line of white cliffs and that vast expanse of liquid, he thought what a good dairy company might be started with a limited liability capital.

"HALLO, Tommy!" said a friend of the family, "What's the matter with your father?" "The doctor says as how it's a brown cart horse on the chest," said Tommy; "but I've looked every time I've been into the room, and I ain't seen it."

THERE is nothing like seeing kindness, particularly if it is any kind of the weather. Still, that man was rather overdoing it who was seen lighting a fusee under the lion's nose in Trafalgar Square, saying, "The poor, dear thing shall have a warm some time or the other!"

"I NEVER like to talk with that man," said the Ancient, proudly drawing up erect his manly form; "what he says always leaves a nasty taste in my mouth." "Then he never says, 'What 'ill you take, old man?' or you'd be singing loud enough to another tune."

WHY did he love her?
Ne'er, ne'er could I tell!
Never discover
Why he loved Nell.
Was it her figger?
Was it her bust?
Ah! you may snigger—
He noticed her fust.
Sweet little figger,
Darling so trim;
Boots black as nigger—
They're what fetched him.

SOMEBODY is anxious to know whom Julius Caesar landed in Britain—when he did land there. It wasn't one of them dear old Kent boatmen anyhow, you bet. Oh, no! Julius Caesar may have come over from Gaul, but he never came over any of those salt-water-flavoured-hot-rum-and-water-swallowing ultramarines.

IT was just after the heavy fall of snow the other week, and ALLY had poured down his seventh drop of "Unsweetened," cold, in a quarter of an hour. "Hallo, old man!" observed an acquaintance, "you seem mighty thirsty this morning. What's up?" "Yes, I am dry—there's no mistake," replied the Eminent. "And I'm sure I can't account for it, unless it is the quantity of salt they've been putting down in the street to melt the snow."

A MAN can woo and can ride away. That's all very true and to spare. But then there happens to be different ways of wooing and riding away. You may ride away on the tip of your brother-in-law's—that ought to have been—boot; and you may ride away in the penny tramcar with the tip of your aquiline Roman swollen twice its size from the slipper assault of injured virtue; and you may woo and ride away with the gal—and that's the worst of all. Caught, married and done for, and . . . —No Gooseley's Mixed Philosophy.

"WHICH teeth come first?" asked the examiner in dentistry. "Milk teeth, sir," answered the student. "And which teeth do we get last of all?" "False teeth, sir," responded the student.

THE best way of finding out how very round the earth is, is to walk home after a small hour's smoker. It is easy enough to see then with what affectionate curvilinearity the ground rises up to your proboscis. This has to be tried to be believed.

THE snow is on the ground.
The sleet falls from the sky,
ALLY's thinking, I'll be bound,
"I am awful dry."
So does the world go round,
And things go all awry,
Fortune! rally;
Help poor ALLY,
Or he'll know the reason why.

MISS CLARA was going to her first ball, and her old nurse was invited in to admire the young lady in all the glory of tulle, muslin, ribbons, lace and virgin expectation of conquest. "Lor' bless me! Don't she look bootiful!" exclaimed the old woman raising her hands in ecstasy. "Just for all the world like a fallen angel!"

WHEN McNab was first introduced to McGooseley, he held out his hand, saying, "Ye'll be Scotch, I'm thinking?" "My father was a Scotchman," answered McGooseley, and McNab gave his hand a grip that would have cracked a coconut. "My mother was Irish," continued McGooseley, and the grip relaxed; "but I was born in England." "Ah, purr body!" said McNab, and, dropping the other's hand, he turned away with a sigh.

ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION.

The next picture to be given to one of the readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is an oil painting by FRED ROE, measuring 44 in. x 34 in., in a handsome gold frame, and representing

"A SCENE DURING THE GORDON RIOTS."

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* * This Picture is on View every day between 10 a.m. and 6 p.m., except Saturdays, when the hours are 10 a.m. and 1 p.m.

TOOTSIE AT THE SHERIFFRIES.

WHEN Edward Leman Blanchard was but twenty years of age, he had produced as many as thirty dramas, farces, burlesques and pantomimes, the latter under the nom de plume of Francisco Frost, for which he later on substituted that of the Brothers Grinn. When he was seventeen he had "been acted," and from that time, 1837, he kept on pouring out his pantomimes until two years ago—over half a century. "What," says Edward Stirling, in 1881, "would Christmas holidays be, or Christmas pudding, without Blanchard's racy bill of fare at Old Drury?"

Ah, me! Time changes all things, and that genial spirit and facile pen no longer with us, others must be found to do the work, and up goes the curtain on Augustus' twelfth Christmas annual, the "Book" for which William Yardley, champion hard hitter, and Augustus Harris, Sheriff of London, are responsible. But other changes have been made. Our old favourite, Harry Payne, does not this year appear as clown, two clowns instead take his place—Whimsical Walker and Harry Leopold. In the first pantomime under the present management, Anno Augusti, year one, there were two clowns, two pantaloon, two harlequins, and two columbines; in the next there were three clowns and three harlequins, two columbines and two pantaloon. Time changes all things backwards and forwards. Who knows but in time we may have the clown or clowns all through the opening, and the present actors in it in the harlequinade. I can't help thinking that the clown will once again have a big chance; I may be a decade out in my calculations, but that is all.

I can safely recommend the Drury Lane pantomime this year, although some of the clever critical young men were rather down on its first night's representation. There were some waits then, and some scenes that stuck a little, a gentle melancholy prevailed during portions of the comic business, but all these things, it ought to be needless to say, are now things of the past. Lady Dunlop is now no longer timid of the Griffiths' donkeys, nor resentfully takes her encore dance. Things, of course, now go rapidly, and you may be sure Mr. Sub-editor Harry Nicholls has slid many a sly wheeze into the dialogue and added droll extra verses to the songs since the 26th of last December.

Beauty and the Beast begins with a dark scene, and I must say I like a dark scene to begin with, and hail with delight a pandemonium in which old Bogey's imps, Hatted, Malice, Dyspepsia, Misanthropy, Inebriety, Indolence and Spite are discovered in a well, weird dance and incantation round a boiling caldron. This leads well up to the interior of the house of Lombard Street, the City Merchant, otherwise Dan Leno, who is the father of three girls, otherwise Herbert, Harry and Belle: following which comes a "ball room in the palace," where is to be seen much loveliness gorgeously attired, and a *pas de neuf* (that *pa* is becoming prolific) that is very effective.

Of course, dears, you know that Lady Dunlop is a professional whip, and is passionately fond of driving geegees, although she fights shy of donkeys, as I have said above; but you must get him to take you to see Lady Dunlop's eccentric tandem.

Further on, too, occur a "Ballet" and "chorus of Roses"; and again a "Ballet of Temptation," which ought to please you, and a grand transformation scene, with a "procession of viands for the Royal Wedding Breakfast," and "Beauty's Bride Cake" that almost rivals the far famed Bodeley.

As to the performance generally: Harry Nicholls and Herbert Campbell are at their best, and their duet as the music-hall sisters is delightfully realistic. Nothing, either, could be much better than the Griffiths' donkeys on board the good boat *Sinker*, or Dan Leno's drunken scene in the ballroom. Private Block and Retta Walton made the hit of the first night and are better still now. Vesta Tilley *en homme* is, as usual, full of dash and go. D'Auban is excellent as the Beast, and the business of the Leopold Troupe of Boney Brothers is of the nimblest and most grotesque. Tom Pleon, the McSkipper, Charles Wallace as Montmorency, and Geo. Temple, the Bogie Man (the "original and only genuine"), deserve the good word, as do also Sybil Grey and Florence Paltzer, good fairies by profession, and there are Violets, and a Mabel, and a Cissy, and other christian nameless charmers who should dazzle and bewilder the youthful male man creature. The Drury Lane Panto, this year will be a big go. There's heaps of fun in it.

Fairy Rosebud: SYBIL GREY.

TWENTY SLOPER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK.

Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to:— THE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," January 10th, 1891.

Name _____

Address _____

Age _____ Occupation, if any _____

How many times applied _____

How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday" _____

The List for this week will close on Tuesday evening next, January 13th. The List for January 3rd will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for January 17th.

231st WEEK. LIST FOR DECEMBER 27th.

"Sloper" Watches have been given to the following:—

1. GEORGE CROFT, Oilman, 28 Kilwarock Street, Queen's Park. Age, 22 years. Subscriber—over 5 years. LONDON.
2. JESSY COCHRANE, 3 Tilson Road, Coleraine Park, Tottenham. Age, 17 years. Subscriber—since No. 1. LONDON.
3. HENRY ARTHUR, Packer, 89 Waple Way, York Road, Wandsworth. Age, 18 years. Subscriber—since commencement. LONDON.
4. THOMAS GERARD, Office Boy, Tinsington. Age, 16 years. Subscriber—over 5 years. ASHBORNE.
5. E. CASTLE, Assurance Agent, 181 St. Lister Street. Age, 35 years. Subscriber—6 years and 20 weeks. BIRMINGHAM.
6. WILLIAM C. WHITEHOUSE, Fitter, 6 Beech Street. Age, 22 years. Subscriber—5 years, 50 weeks. CREWE.
7. RICHARD WHEELER, Insurance Agent, 40 New Street. Age, 33 years. Subscriber—since commencement. DAVENTRY.
8. ANNIE OWEN, 6 Heulan Place. Age, 17 years. Subscriber—since 1885. DENBIGH.
9. ALBERT E. HARRIS, Postman, 62 India House Lane. Age, 28 years. Subscriber—since July, 1884. GLOUCESTER.
10. FREDERICK KAY, Apprentice, Leigh Street. Age, 18 years. Subscriber—5 years, 49 weeks. GOLBORNE.
11. THOMAS RAHE, Police Officer, 159 Oldham Road. Age, 41 years. Subscriber—77 months, 3 weeks. MANCHESTER.
12. F. W. EASTHOPE, Agent, 22 Derby Street. Age, 31 years. Subscriber—since commencement. NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
13. ALFRED PREECE, Labourer, Oak Cottage, Washington Road. Age, 34 years. Subscriber—6 years. NORBITON.
14. GEORGE DELL, Wheelwright, Timber Yard, Englefield. Age, 40 years. Subscriber—5 years, 11 months. READING.
15. SARAH STANLEY, Charwoman, 3 Church Row, Riverhead. Age, 48 years. Subscriber—41 years. SEVENOAKS.
16. ALEXANDER DAVIDSON, Engine Room Artificer, H.M.S. *Mohawk*. Age, 31 years. Subscriber—over 6 years. SHEERNESS.
17. H. HIGGIN, 9 Gilmour Street. Age, 28 years. Subscriber—since February, 1885. SOUTH STOCKTON.
18. GEORGE EADS, Carpenter, 1 Senwick Road. Age, 31 years. Subscriber—since No. 1. WELLINGBOROUGH.
19. NELLIE LATCHFORD, Dressmaker, "The Folly." Age, 20 years. Subscriber—since commencement. WHEATHAMSTEAD.
20. GEORGE GLIFTON SMITH, Hairdresser, 22 Middle Chestnut Street. Age, 19 years. Subscriber—5 years, 44 weeks. WORCESTER.

AMOROUS TRADESMEN.

No. 20.—THE PASSIONATE SADDLER TO HIS LOVE.

Stir up eloquence in me, my Muse,
And a crop of persuasive words send,
Nor curb the fond words I would use
To her upon whom I depend.
Saddle be my lot, should she refuse
To look upon me as a friend.

There's nothing like leather, I trow,
So spur-n not my suit, fairest maid,
No trace of unfaithfulness thou
Shalt e'er find in me, be not afraid:
My love will not (h)alter, I vow,
By me thou shalt ne'er be bit-rayed.

Thy reign over me is complete,
My soul and my being are thine;
The bridal day name, oh, my sweet!
When thou'lt link all thy future with mine.
What! with choler my suit thou dost meet!
For aye I shall weep and repine.

LOVE AND LATIN.

"ETHELINDA, I love you!"

As James Pisistratus Pothook spoke these words he felt that a decisive moment had come. Not since his first shave, five years ago, had he experienced such a thrill. He paused for a reply. Ethelinda Madeline Muskdrop tapped the *marqueterie* floor with the heel of her russet slipper—the heel that was midway between her true toe and heel, but no matter. It was not nervousness on her part, but she had learned from visiting the *haut ton* of Ball's Pond that it was the correct thing to do under the circumstances. James was startled by her silence; but his family had once been in the sugar business, and he naturally had some "grit" about him. "Ethelinda, I love you!"

For a moment the fair girl ceased tapping, and the silence became so profound that James could almost hear his hair grow. Then she murmured, "Mr. Pothook—er—James—it is only right that I should ask you—if I give you my love, my whole love, what do you offer me?"

For a moment James racked his scantily furnished temple of reason for a reply.

"My life! my soul!" he exclaimed, "only say that you are mine, and, trust me, I will give you a *quid pro quo*."

"Never!" exclaimed the proud girl, flinging his right arm from her little waist, "nor for two *quid pro quo*. Love in a cottage never did suit the proud soul of Ethelinda Madeline Muskdrop."

Then the rejected young man closed the door from the outside, and the wronged girl, not caring what she did, sat dreamily at the piano, and struck the opening chords of that beautiful ballad, "Mother's skirt is turned for Annie."

YOUR CHARACTER TOLD.

For the Benefit of the Readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," the services of a Graphologist of great skill and talent have been engaged. Readers desiring a delineation of their character must send this announcement, inclosed with a letter of moderate length, signed with the usual signature, and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (with the writer's own address). All letters must be directed to—

"ALLY SLOPER'S GRAPHOLOGIST,"

"THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Answers will be posted direct to the addresses given on Envelopes. No notice will be taken of any communication not complying with the above regulations. Owing to the enormous number of letters received, Answers cannot be guaranteed within a month, but will be forwarded as early as possible.

DECIMA'S DIAMONDS.

DECIMA D'ALROY—age, twenty-two; appearance, handsome; profession, the profession—stood before her glass at the "Jollity Theatre, dressing herself for the part of a nymph in the burlesque of *Diana Up to Dick*.

Decima was not overburdened with talent, dramatic, musical, or any other, but she made a very beautiful nymph.

Among the many other nymphs who shared this particular or general dressing room with Decima, was a girl named Ruby St. Ormonde.

Ruby St. Ormonde and Decima D'Alroy were sworn enemies. They dangled and deared and petted and ducked each other pretty freely when face to face, and, on occasions when "make-up" had to be borrowed, one would even go so far as to call the other an angel; but they hated each other nevertheless, and jealousy, of course, was the cause.

They both loved Lord Fitz-Nochnea.

In a regrettable moment of absent-mindedness, Lord Fitz-Nochnea had, a few evenings previous to the one which saw Decima dressing for her part, presented this lovely creature with the Nochnea family diamonds.

Ruby was frightfully envious; and, as Decima adorned her fair neck with the glittering jewellery, she glanced at her with a look which plainly said, "I could do with some like those."

Then came the question (on the part of the nobleman, of course), how to get it back. A satisfactory answer presented itself at last, and he proceeded to work upon it.

Ruby and Decima were both of them nymphs, but the former belonged to a "crowd" which got away earlier than the rest. The "early departures" duly departed; but Ruby lingered behind. She was now by herself in the long dressing room. Decima was on the stage.

"She doesn't wear her diamonds in this act," said Ruby to herself. "If I don't work it now, I don't know when I'm likely to get another chance."

With that, she forced open a little box which was lying in one of Decima's drawers, and extracted the diamond necklet. As she was about to put it in her pocket, the glass in front of her reflected the sudden entrance of Decima.

Decima caught sight of the jewels in the other girl's hand.

"So, Miss Ruby St. Ormonde, that's your little game, is it?" she cried, turning as white as a sheet with passion, and calling in a many girls as she could set eyes on to witness her discovery and the disgrace of Ruby.

In a few moments, the attempted robbery of Decima's diamonds was in everybody's mouth; and Ruby was in a four-wheeler, in the company of the fair prosecutrix and a couple of policemen, being driven to "the nearest."

Arrived at this temporary receptacle for offenders of all kinds, and duly charged, Ruby St. Ormonde, much to the surprise of Decima, requested to be allowed to wire or send a message by hand to Lord Nochnea. The message was simply one asking him to come to the station where she was detained. A policeman took it, and after the lapse of about three-quarters of an hour, Lord Nochnea answered to it personally.

"You've got me into a nice mess," said Ruby to Lord N. "You can do your own dirty work for the future." So saying, she took an imitation diamond necklet from her pocket and handed it to him. Then, turning to the inspector on duty, she continued: "I wasn't going to steal them for myself, but for him" (pointing to Nochnea). "That is the necklet he had given me to put in the other's place—and he was going to make me a nice little present for the transaction."

Decima took Lord Nochnea on one side, and whispered, "I can prosecute you for robbery if I choose. Shall I do that, or will you make me Lady Nochnea?"

"Well," thought Nochnea, "perhaps that wouldn't be a bad way of getting the diamonds back into the family!"

So Decima D'Alroy is Lady Nochnea now; the inspector on duty has put another fiver in the savings bank; some half-dozen policemen have given their sweethearts new bonnets; and Ruby St. Ormonde wears the "imitations," and gets other presents now and then from—never mind!



Before the dressing room glass.



"That's your little game, is it?"



"You've got me into a nice mess!"



THERE AND BACK FOR A SHILLING.
Best, cheapest and most direct route.



ALL THIS FOR THE SAKE OF A NEW MANTLE.



"I suppose matrimony exhibits a very stupid aspect to you, Mr. Batcheldore, doesn't it?"
"Yes, madam; when the husband's hen-pecked."



"Yes, dear, I have had to jilt Charlie. It is all through papa consenting to our engagement. I am determined, if I cannot be romantic and have a runaway marriage, I won't be married at all."—Extract from Letter of Young Lady.

* Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.
TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



NO. 164.—ANNIE LAWRENCE.

"A queen of grace, a paragon of beauty." —The Dook Snook.
"Should she but smile my cup of happiness is full." —Lord Bob.
"For her I'd fast for forty days." —The Hon. Billy.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—JOHN D'AUBAN, Esq.



(1). "What," said Mrs. Sloper, as she turned the matutinal rasher in the pan, "can that bumping be? He ain't taking the four-poster to bits, surely? Why, I only peppered its joints last week!" And she hurried upstairs. "One, two, three; tum-ti-tum, tum-ti-tum!" A. SLOPER was humming, while bounding about the room like an amiable kangaroo. "Goin' to interview D'Auban? And what's that got to do with it?" said the good lady. "My love, I may, perchance, assist him in his arduous duties." "Stuff!" cried Mrs. S.—(2). But, nevertheless, A. SLOPER borrowed a pair of them from Lardi Longox.—(3). The Eminent found Mr. D'Auban, as he anticipated, instructing a Drury Lane understudy. "Johnny!" cried the Aged,

"my arrival, it appears, is opportune. Can I be of any assistance?" "You can't!" This with emphasis. "Bong!" A. SLOPER is no mean linguist; still, he could ill-conceal his disappointment. The lesson went on. At last he could stand it no longer, so, quietly retiring behind a convenient screen for a moment,—(4). He reappeared equipped for business with the celerity of a quick-change artist, and with an air of triumph, put himself in the first position.—(5). The second position in which A. SLOPER found himself lacked the triumphant element. "I didn't expect such treatment from Johnny!" sobbed the Old Man, as he trudged through the slush back to Mildew Court. Later in the day, his tr—s—rs were returned per dustman.

McBUNG'S REVENGE AFTER NEW YEAR'S TIME.



(1). "Life," soliloquized McNab, "is a bally farce."



(2). When McBung's jimjammy voice roared, "Nearly lopped yer lug off that time, duckie."



(3). "A-d-dinna mind see much being made a be horse, if-it—(f) that saythe blade wina see cold again me backbin!"



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

What awful weather! The mere act of looking out of the window almost drives me into hysterics. I am now writing this effusion with the office stove for a seat, a saucepan for an ink well, and a foot warmer for a writing desk. Pleasant, is it not? but it's all on account of our climate. Forward—This happy wedded pair so young, Are known to all as short and long:—The doggies seem to be quite puzzled, For now they roam about unmuzzled:—Mud everywhere, as is here

seen, Our London streets are far from clean:—The happy quartette very gay, Do merrily at clowning play:—The Scottish railway men, we see, Have struck, and are from work quite free:—They meet in deadly fray, and strive From fighting, pleasure to derive:—A New Year's Gift the 'busmen claim, And sure this freak we cannot blame. My centre illustration depicts a well known quartette. The character of clown suits Billy to a T.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



MISS TITLUM TRIES HER HAND AT KNITTING SOCKS.
Magnificent result of three days' incessant working.

HARD ON THE BUTLER.



She. Whatever is that dreadful noise in the passage?
He. Don't know, dear, without it is the newly imported butler dropping his Ha.



AT THE PANTOMIME.
Beauty and the Beast.—Which is which?



Lady Visitor. Now, Tommy, if you're a good boy, I'll give you a kiss before I go.
Tommy (after a pause). I don't think I want to be a good boy.



"I wonder what can have become of that silly, little Mr. Tompkins!"

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER (Royal Artillery) wishes to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. Advertiser will mail fair complexion and considered good-looking, and every prospect of promotion. Please inclose photo, in confidence, which will be returned or destroyed. Address—**FRED, Toote's Matrimonial Agency.**

I depart from house.

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 185.—EDWARD SWANBOROUGH, F.O.S.

"Although Edward Swanborough is not exactly a member of the Royal Family, he is very nearly one, bearing a striking likeness to H.R.H. Prince of Wales. So wonderful, indeed, is this resemblance that at one period of his existence Edward was engaged as understudy to the Heir Apparent, and would have undoubtedly filled that honourable position up to the present date if he had not been kissed by a princess of the royal blood in mistake for Albert Edward himself. Although Swanborough was blameless, he had to suffer; so he was ruthlessly thrust from the royal presence by the menials of the Prince. This proved a great shock to our hero's system, and it was feared he would never recover from its effects; but, thanks to a robust constitution, a happy heart and a contented mind, our hero became himself again. Being hard up for a situation, our hero then accepted the post of captain on board a penny steamer, and so successful was he in this vocation, pleasing everyone by his good nature and urbanity of manner, that he became a popular favourite with the B. F., and soon attracted the notice of the directors of the London Pavilion. After a good deal of bargaining and lagging, our hero's services were at length secured by this body of gentlemen, and up to the present none of the parties in question have had cause to regret their action. Chiefly because he is a first-rate Acting Manager, our hero was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him, December 11, 1886."—*Debrett Improved.*



Sarah Ann wonders why the milkman and the baker never kiss her on the sly, like they do Mary Jane.



Customer. I want that waistcoat "let out." How much?
Tailor. Seven and six.
Customer. You don't understand! I want to be "let out," not "taken in."



If you want a holiday, all you have to do is to leave the City for the open country, and there you will find healthy and remunerative occupation.

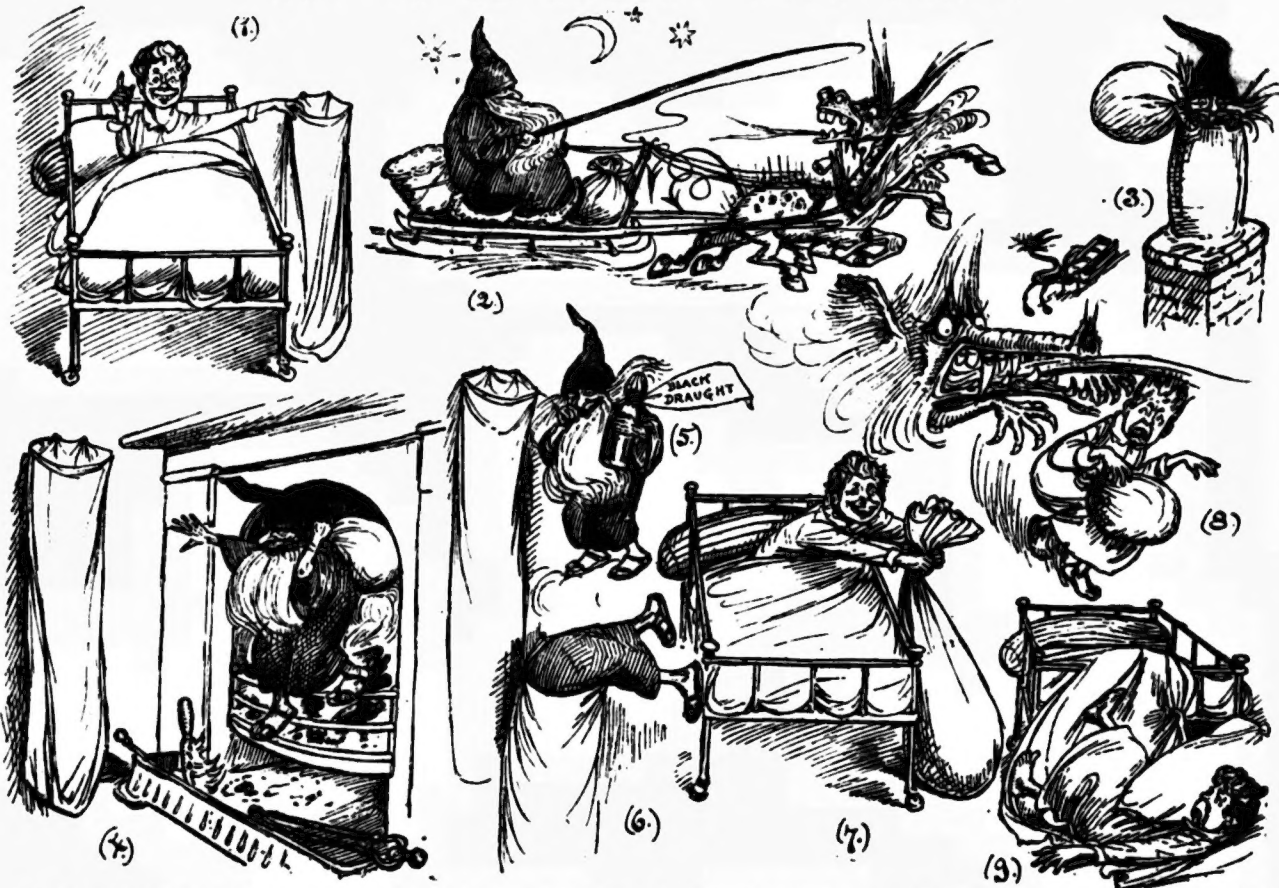
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HE'D HEARD IT BEFORE.



Miss Ageless. Would you believe it, Major Dasher, I am just twenty-eight years of age!
Major Dasher. Oh, yes, I can quite believe it; you told me so when we last met, four years ago.

NOT TO BE CAUGHT WITH CHAFF.



(1). It happened last Christmas Eve. "Blimey!" chuckled little Albert, who was a bad, vulgar boy. "Old Santa Claus'll have a job to fill this here stockin', I'll lay!" and he patted the bolster cover which he had fixed up at the head of his bed.—(2). An hour or two later Santa Claus started his Parcel Post in his neat turn out, with a thoroughbred nightmare between the shafts.—(3). Arrived at little Albert's home, he entered after his usual Irish statesmanlike fashion.—(4). And instantly caught sight of the artful arrangement.—(5). "Oho!" he grinned, "this kid would be up to his larks with a poor old man, would he? But it won't do, sonny. I think I've got a little surprise for you here," and the saint produced a huge bottle of black

draught.—(6). "No, no, my boy!" he chuckled, "you don't take a rise out of me! There! I'll put it right down at the bottom, and fill the bag up with shavings."—(7). But little Albert slept with one eye open, and as soon as the old gentleman was fairly in the trap, he grabbed the mouth and secured him. "Ha, ha!" he shouted, "nabbed the old josses safe this journey! Blowed if I don't sell him to a penny show."—(8). He was then proceeding to make free with the saint's bundle of treasures when that nightmare got tired of waiting outside, and looked in to see what was up.—(9). And when Albert woke up on the floor, half a second or so later, he felt, to say the least, comparatively unrefreshed by his slumbers.

A SUDDEN CHANGE.



"I wish to goodness you'd get out of my sight, Mr. Tomkins; you make me quite ill."
[Poor Tomkins, who had lost his heart at the first dress rehearsal, knew that mask would settle his chances directly he saw it.]

ANOTHER CAT-ASTROPHY ON THE ICE.



Please note Edwin and Angelina hastening to the rescue of dear mamma.



"Poor Papa has collapsed scenes at nearly all the in a stage box, when suddenly, he silently slid from him, he silently slid from



1. Johnny and his little sister had been to the theatre. The spirit of mischief prompted a little bit of clowning business on his part, so, heating the poker, and sending his sister